

ACROSS THE NEW YORK FOOTLIGHTS

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

In every American city enjoying a population of sufficient size to warrant more than one letter carrier, one can find a collection of individuals who meet every few weeks in some one's front parlor and simultaneously have a plate of ice cream and cake and an ambition to improve the drama. The majority of these individuals refer to themselves by the name of "Stage Societies." Things have come to the point, indeed, where one of these stage societies is as much a part of the life of an American village as a framed sepia lithograph of the Colosseum, a phonograph record of Tosti's "Good-bye," and the belief that Mary Pickford makes \$500,000 a year.

Not to fall behind such metropolis as Ogrunz Falls and Applegate Corners, New York has also come to the front with a stage society. And this particular stage society has, in turn, now come to the front with a production upon the electric-lighted promontory of the Gaiety Theater of a play by a Mr. Daniel Garretson called "The Soul Machine." In just what manner New York Stage Society Lodge No. 1001 believes to improve the native platform with such a play as "The Soul Machine" is somewhat of a mystery. That is, of course, granting this to be the purpose of the organization in point. It may be that the New York Stage Society has no such notion in its constitution. It may, in faith, be merely a joy club or a dance-verein, a gathering of congenial souls out for a high old time who chanced accidentally to call themselves a stage society for a part of a catchier name. Being privy to other purposes, it remains only to take the organization literally and, so taking it, to approach its public manifestations with a professional theatrical eye.

"The Soul Machine," though credited upon the play bill to the male named above, is—at least according to Broadway bookmakers who have laid odds of one hundred to one on the dark horse—a product of the pen of Augustus Thomas. Whether or not Mr. Thomas is actually the author of the composition, one cannot with further definiteness say. Yet so many are the typical Thomaseries of the play, so seemingly obvious the giveaways, that the prevalent belief as to the fathering may be well indorsed with some conviction. Basically, the play echoes the scientific detective fictions begun some fifteen years ago in the Strand Magazine by a couple of cleverly minded Englishmen and since pursued, five or six years back, by Balmer and McIlhenny in Hampton's and, currently, in divers journals by Arthur B. Reeve. The nature of these fictions, the most recent of which reflect the classroom addresses of such professors of the occult as Herr Munsterberg, of Harvard, is familiar to my flock. Some one, so goes the routine, has done something. The regular minions of the law are baffled. Comes then into the case one Rupert the Wise, a fellow of science. Rupert attaches to the nose of the suspect a malodorous meter, which is to say a baking-machine, filled with a mixture of carbolic acid, Port Salut cheese, perforated Bermuda onions and Jockey Club perfume. The suspect, influenced psychologically by the compound and unable to resist the metaphysical power of its fumes, supposes betrays his guilt by twitching his left eye.

Garnishing a scientific triumph of this species with a deal of muddled lecturing on allied subjects, the author of the Stage Society's exhibit has given birth to a hand skinned in the external of play-making. The affair is filled with such opaque bosh and its rostrum animadversions upon various phases of hypnotism and such like amusements are, to say the least, conspicuously spoonstake. For example, the play divulges an instance of the distance hypnotism that tickles the ribs even more wholesomely than the you-can't-pull-that-trigger whimsy of "The Witching Hour." Certainly, this was not meant seriously by the author. Indeed, there are several points in the play that increase the conviction that the composition was intended as an experiment upon the public, an effort to determine for once and all just how much hocus-pocus it would stand.

There is one scene in the piece that contains good melodrama material of the patent kind, this scene where the "Soul Machine," or so-called psychometer, is demonstrated. The flicker of the instrument's light in a darkened room as gradually it betrays the villain's unwilling reaction to certain guilt-fastening words manages the average spine with the proper degree of implicit rose. But the balance of the script is merely windy. Among the feats performed by the cast, in addition to the long-distance hypnotism coup already alluded to, is the dreaming by a man's sister of the fellow's death at the very moment he has breathed his last, to say nothing of a side dish to the dream in which the psychic baggage enjoys a vision of the murderer whom (Feat No. 3) she later recognizes on the streets of New York. The brother (Feat No. 3), having been done to death in Milwaukee. Besides these juicy specimens of the imagination, there is a succulent ado over auras, male and female.

One cannot, to repeat, mistake the Thomas touch, or influence. There is in the piece all the empty, glittering, obscure dialectic, the pointer-pigeon learning, to which we have grown accustomed in the later works of this misguided dramatist—a dramatist of so keen a skill in play-dramat that it is something of a pity he has not contented himself with aiming merely to compose agreeable theatrical pastimes in lieu of these dramas in whose theses he is insufficiently learned and practiced. The cast, which presented "The Soul Machine" included Vincent Serrano, Eugene O'Brien, Bennett Southard, Helen Robertson, Edith Luckett and Jane Harburg. The physical, if not the psychological, phases of the production were managed with a sufficient measure of adroitness. If these Stage Societies desire to accomplish anything for the native theater, however, let them have done with the promulgation of such stuffs as "The Soul Machine" and dig down into the trunks of such neglected and talented writers for the theater as Tom Rawn, Zoe Akina and the like. Meeting in front parlors and dabbling with orange ices is one thing. Producing "Soul Machine" is another thing. But helping the American stage is yet another thing.

The holiday upon the stage of the Empire is being celebrated, as custom holds, with Barrie's rare weave, "Peter Pan." I have, in the ten years since its initial presentation, written often and much of this eerie and joyous play—but never have I been able so aptly to cast its spirit into type as now my rostrum friend, Robert Hobart Davis, Kaiser-in-chief of the publications of the House of Munsey, has contrived to cast it. Bob Davis, as the world more familiarly knows the man, upon the opening of the play that other night, sent to Maude Heath a letter. This letter, which till now no one but Davis, the lady herself and I have laid eyes upon, conveys so happily the feeling which "Peter Pan" and its principal exponent spread, like chiffered marmalade, over an audience of sere and cynic souls—it has in it so nicely a critique of the work—that I am gratified to have used my witchcraft successfully against its scrivener and by this foul means to have persuaded him to permit me to give it to you. The letter:

Dear Peter Pan: Every year I wait for you to come back to New York. My folks

don't let me go to the theater often. They are trying to bring me up right. They don't understand shows like I do but I intend to see Peter Pan every year, you bet. I wonder if you ever noticed me sitting in the theater when you were playing Peter Pan? I never take my eyes off you.

Tuesday night I'll be sitting down stairs somewhere with another boy fifty-two years old. I am only 47. Both of us are crazy about you.

In the scene where the Indians appear and you and the whole bunch is down in the cellar, I'm going to give a little war whoop, hoping you'll hear it. I'll make it very soft and low. Perhaps you will think I'm a little out of place. But later on when you walk up to the mirror and give him that awful call you can hear my heart beat if you listen; then you'll know where I am.

I don't want anybody to know that I'm writing to you Peter because most people can't understand. I mean Peter! I can't go to sleep sometimes after seeing you in the show. My folks who are very old-fashioned, won't let me hang around the stage entrance or I would be there some evening to make you a low respectful bow.

Please remember Peter, play your very best because I told my pal that you were the greatest actor in the world and we expect to have the night of our lives next Tuesday.

Listen Peter! When you fly away on the wind couldn't you fly over me and drop something so I could remember you by it?

Well, I suppose you're busy getting ready for the show. So am I. Father says when I grow up I won't care so much for the theater but nobody can keep me away as long as you're acting.

My pal asks me to send you his love but I told him he can't do that 'less he seen you act and as I have saw you I send mine instead.

Yours forever,
(Signed) ROBERT H. DAVIS.
P. S.—When you hear that heart stop beating, it's mine and you can start it up again by just one little kind look.
(Signed) BOB DAVIS.
P. P. S.—I'll be wearing a black suit of clothes, white shirt, white cravat and patent leather shoes (you can't see 'em but you can hear 'em). You can't mistake me.
(Signed) BOB.
You know!
(Signed) BOB.

At the Princess Theater, a musical entertainment is derived from Philip Bartholomae's farce "Over Night." The production is sponsored by the Marbury-Stockton Company and contains a measure of hitting, already familiar, synopsis, together with some rather jocose gymnastics by John Hazard, a very pretty face by Alice Dovey, some eye-piquing costumes from the hand of Melville Ellis and from the mill of Hickson, several pinchable ladies in and out of the chorus, a sorry Fred Jess, a sport shirt, a burlesque scene from Marie Cahill's last season's failure "Ninety in the Shade" a song from Elsie Janis's this season's failure "Miss Information," a pair of black and white checked spats, a number of melodies by Jerome Kern that sound very much like Mr. Jerome Kern's "Same Sort of Girl" which in turn sounded very much like Mr. Jerome Kern's "You're Here and I'm Here," a half dozen naughty motto one of which is funny, and a good bit of clowning by Ernest Truax.

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NIGHTS 15c, 25c 35c, 50c
MATINEES TUES., THURS., SAT., 15c & 25c
HALL STOCK COMPANY
You Start Laughing When You Buy Your Ticket.
HOYT'S BIG HIT,
A BACHELOR'S HONEYMOON
NEXT WEEK.....LENA RIVERS
COUPON THIS COUPON AND 15 CENTS WILL ADMIT A LADY TO BEST SEAT MONDAY OR TUESDAY. MUST BE EXCHANGED BEFORE 7 P. M.

GAYETY BURLESQUE
NINTH NEAR F—New Broadway Week

ALL THIS WEEK
JOE HURTIG Presents
FRANK A. BURT
AND
THE GIRL TRUST
WITH
MAUDE HEATH
AKIN-FIGG & DUFFY
AND THE
"SIX STYLISH STEPPERS"
Beautiful Costumes—Big Girlie Chorus—Magnificent Scenery
TODAY
Mat. and Eve.,
MERRY ROUNDERS
With ABE REYNOLDS and GEO. HAYES
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INFANT PRODIGY SAYS SHE WAS BORN THAT WAY

"Mlle. Sugar Plum," Alias Marilyn Miller, Who Will Be Seen at the Belasco Theater Soon With Winter Garden Show, Has Spent Most of Her Life Eluding Gerry Society.

"Living down the reputation of an infant prodigy," says Marilyn Miller, who will dance at the Belasco Theater for one week beginning January 15, in the Winter Garden revue, "The Passing Show of 1915," is not an easy matter. For twelve years I was under its spell, but my escape came one year and a half ago when I was able to play for the first time before a metropolitan audience at the New York Winter Garden. Previous to that I was banished to the territory outlying New York and Illinois, because the law would not permit me to appear in either of those States.

"How did I happen to be an infant prodigy? It was the most natural thing in the world. I guess I was born that way. My father and mother and two sisters were all performers. My father, Carlo Miller, having been on the stage since he was a boy. He was living in Findlay, Ohio, when the juvenile 'Pin-afore' craze first swept the country from ocean to ocean, and possessing a good voice, he ran away from home and joined one of those organizations, singing the role of St. Joseph Porter. That, I believe, was the beginning of our career on the stage. By and by, after he had become of age and was then an established performer, he married and when my two sisters came and they grew old enough they were added to the act, which was called 'The Columbian Four.' My sister Ruth was a wonderful soft shoe dancer and was called 'the female George Primrose.' Claire, the other, was also a very clever dancer, but her real forte was the piano.

"When I was born, however, there was never any thought of my going on the stage. My home, by the way, was in Evansville, Ind., and not Findlay, Ohio. As soon as I was old enough I was bundled up and taken along with the act. One day I saw a moving picture of a Russian ballet dancer and I was so impressed with the work of this woman that I began imitating her. Of course, I had seen my sisters dance on the stage, but they never seemed to make the same impression. "They encouraged my efforts and as I persisted mother made a crinoline skirt for me and my debut occurred on August 20, 1900, at Lake Side Park, Dayton, Ohio, and even today mother prizes this little dress of mine more dearly than anything she possesses. I was billed as 'Mlle. Sugar Plum,' and it was all on account of me that father and mother and my sisters put in ten years of the wildest traveling. I think, any act has been compelled to undergo. You see there were a number of States in which I dare not act and many a time father has had to book towns along the border of a State in order to be able to escape across the line in case the officers attempted to capture me. However, during these years we found work and peace in Canada, Hawaii, the West Indies and in England. As I grew older 'Mlle. Sugar



Plum" was dropped and we were then billed as 'The Five Columbians.' "About three years ago we went to London to appear in a big revue, but sister Ruth married shortly after we arrived, as did sister Claire. That is how it came about that I danced alone in London and had the good fortune to meet Mr. Lee Shubert. "So now that I am 16-I feel like a grandmother. I hope no one will call me a prodigy. I'm just a plain little girl who dances because she loves to."

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO
WASHINGTON'S FINEST THEATRE
GUY BATES
POST
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THE TEXTMAKER
Beginning Tomorrow Night 8:15. Even. at 8:20. Mat. Wed., Sat. at 8:15. Mat. Sat. at 8:20.

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Triumphant Return of the Sumptuous Persian Love-Play by RICHARD WALTON TULLY, Author of "The Bird of Paradise." Original Massive Production and Superb Cast.

THE SEASON'S SUPREME SPECTACLE.

TOMORROW MATINEE AT 2:15

Princeton Triangle Club

In Their New and Original Musical Comedy

THE EVIL EYE

TICKETS ON SALE AT BELASCO THEATER

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THE GERALDINE FARRAR SAYS

"Prettiest light opera I have heard."

LINA CAVALIERI SAYS

"Beautiful operetta. It afforded me great pleasure."

LILLIAN RUSSELL SAYS

"Enjoyed its exquisite music 10 times."

EMMY DESTINN SAYS

"Magnificent; enjoyed it again and again."

MISCHA ELMAN SAYS

"Saw and heard it a dozen times with greatest delight."

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TUES. 4:30, JAN'Y 11th PERCY GRAINGER

Mail orders received now. Prices: Orchestra, \$1.50, \$2.00; Balcony, \$1.00, \$1.50; Family Circle, 75c. Monday Afternoon, Feb. 21, Frieda Hempel.

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NEW MAN

TRAVEL TALKS

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COURSE SALE OPENS TOMORROW, \$4, \$3, \$2

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT SEATS SELLING 25c to \$1

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Two Special Matinees Thursday and Friday, Jan. 13 and 14.

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POLI'S

MATS. DAILY 25c

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POLI POPULAR PLAYERS PRESENT

NEW YORK CITY'S GAYETY THEATER PRODUCTION

OF HENRY W. SAVAGE'S LATEST COMEDY SUCCESS

"ALONG CAME RUTH"

ANOTHER \$2.00 SHOW

POLI POPULAR PRICES

A COMEDY IN WHICH ONE WIN-SOME GIRL WAKES UP A SLEEPY TOWN AND ACHIEVES HER OWN HAPPINESS.

WITH A. H. VAN BUREN

NEXT WEEK - - - "THE SHOW SHOP"

THEATRICAL BRIEFS.

Fred G. Berger assumes the management of Poli's Theater this week. Mr. Conn, who has been the manager for the last six months, leaves this morning in his automobile for New Haven, Conn., the head office of the Poli organization.

Mary Nash has been engaged by Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler to create the leading role in "The Ohio Lady," the new play by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street.

When Henry W. Savage produced "Along Came Ruth," at the Olympic Theater, Chicago, the title role, which is to be played this week by Florence Rittenhouse, was enacted by Florence Shirley, the attractive little leading woman.

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION

WOMAN'S PEACE PARTY

NEW WILLARD HOTEL, Jan. 8 to 11.

MASS MEETING

At Poli's Theater Sunday, Jan. 9, 3 P. M.

SEATS FREE.

Speakers: Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, and Others.

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Monday Afternoon, January 10, 4:30.

Prices—\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$1.50, \$1.00.

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New on sale at Droop's, 13th and G.

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